

The Musical World.

"THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFECT MUST BE DEDUCTED. IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENNOBLES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES."—Goethe.

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VOL. 37.—No. 9.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1859.

PRICE 4d.
STAMPED 5d.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—ST. JAMES'S HALL, REGENT-STREET AND PICCADILLY.—On Monday evening, February 23, 1859, (being the ninth concert of the series). The programme will be exclusively devoted to a selection from the CHAMBER AND OPERATIC MUSIC, vocal and instrumental, of JOSEPH HAYDN, AND CARL MARIA VON WEBER. Conductor, Mr. BENEDICT.

PROGRAMME.—PART I.—HAYDN.—Quartet, containing the variations on "God save the Emperor," for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello, Mr. H. Blagrove, Herr Ries, Herr Schreurs, and Signor Piatti; Haydn. Canonet, "She never told her love," Madame Enderssohn; Haydn. Recit. and Air, "When sluggish Phœbus begins to rise," Mr. Santley; Haydn. Trio in G major, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello, Mr. Lindsay Sloper, Herr Ries, and Signor Piatti; Haydn. Recit. and Air, "Now o'er the dreary waste," Mr. Wilbye Cooper; Haydn. Canonet, "The Wanderer," Miss Palmer; Haydn. Motet, "The arm of the Lord," Madame Enderssohn, Miss Palmer, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, and Mr. Santley; Haydn.

PART II.—WEBER.—Trio in G minor, for Pianoforte, Flute, and Violoncello, Mr. Lindsay Sloper, Mr. R. S. Pratten, and Signor Piatti; Weber. Song, "For as the waters of that still tide," Mr. Santley; Weber. Duck, "Come, be gay," Madame Enderssohn and Miss Stabach; Weber. Chamber Duets, Mr. Benedict and Mr. Lindsay Sloper; Weber. Rondo, "I'd weep with thee," Mr. Wilbye Cooper; Weber. Song, "I think of thee," Miss Stabach; Weber. Quartet, "Over the dark blue waters," Misses Stabach and Palmer, Messrs Wilbye Cooper and Santley; Weber.

On Monday Evening, March 7th, a BEETHOVEN NIGHT.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—Classical Series. Monday Evening, February 23, HAYDN and WEBER. Monday evening, March 7, BEETHOVEN. On Monday evening, March 14th, there will be no Concert, owing to the Hall being engaged by the New Philharmonic Society. Monday evening, March 21, Monday evening, March 28, HANDEL and BACH. Conductor—Mr. Benedict.

Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Reserved Seats, Balcony, 3s.; which may be obtained at the Ticket Office of the Hall, 23, Piccadilly; Keith, Prowse and Co.'s, 48, Cheapside; Cramer, Beale, and Co.'s, and Hammond's, Regent-street; Olivier's, Old Bond-street; Leader and Cook's, and Chappell's, 50, New Bond-street.

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.—Professor W. S. BENNETT'S MAY QUEEN and BEETHOVEN'S CHORAL SYMPHONY will be repeated on Tuesday, March 1st, under the direction of Mr. JOHN HULLAH. Principal vocalists: Miss Banks, Miss Martin, Miss Palmer; Mr. Wilbye Cooper, Mr. Santley. 1s., 2s. 6d.; stalls, 5s. Commence at 8.

LONDON SOCIETY FOR THE PROTECTION OF YOUNG FEMALES, TOTTENHAM.—On Wednesday, the 4th of May, 1859, HAYDN'S SEASONS will be given at Exeter Hall, with full band and chorus, and the most eminent artists, conducted by Mr. Ruedegger, in aid of this Charity. Gentlemen willing to act as Stewards on the occasion, or otherwise to aid this effort, are solicited to forward their names to the Secretary. Further particulars in future advertisements.

No. 28, New Broad-street, E.C.

J. B. TALBOT,
Secretary.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—Eighth Season.—Director, Henry Wilde, Mus. Doc., Cantab.—BEETHOVEN'S CHORAL SYMPHONY, with orchestra and choir of 300 performers. Artists already engaged:—Miss Louisa Pyne, Mad. Anna Bishop, and Mad. Rudersdorf; Miss Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, M. Depret, Sig. Belletti, Mr. Weiss, Miss Arabella Goddard, and Sig. Andreoli. Transferable Subscription Tickets, Reserved Sofa Stalls, £2 2s., and Unreserved Seats, £1 1s. (to admit to the five Monday Evening Concerts, on March 16, April 11, May 9 and 23, June 6, and to the five Saturday Afternoon Rehearsals, on March 14, April 9, May 7 and 21, and June 4), of Cramer and Co., 201, Regent-street; Keith, Prowse, and Co., Cheapside. W. GRAEFF NICHOLLS, Hon. Sec. 2, St. James's Hall.

THE VOCAL ASSOCIATION, ST. JAMES'S HALL.—

Conductor, Mr. Benedict. Mendelssohn's "Loreley," and Professor Bennett's "May Queen," on Wednesday next, March 2nd. MADAME CATHERINE HAYES will sing the Soprano Music to Mendelssohn's "Loreley," with the addition of "The Ave Maria" for the first time in public. The exclusive performance of "The Ave Maria" has been most kindly conceded to the Vocal Association by Edward Buxton, Esq. The Solos of "The May Queen" will be performed by Miss Stabach, Miss Lascelles; Mr. Santley, and Mr. Wilbye Cooper. The Band and Choir will number 400 performers. Tickets, 2s. 6d.; Reserved Area, 5s.; Balcony Stalls, 7s. 6d.; Second Row, 4s.; Sofa Stalls, 10s. 6d. each, are now on sale at all the principal Music-sellers, and at the St. James's Hall ticket office, 23, Piccadilly, W. Commence at Eight o'Clock.

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MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS' CONCERTS OF CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE MUSIC, Hanover-square Rooms, Tuesday evening, March 15.—PROGRAMME: Sonata, C Minor, Pianoforte and Violin—Beethoven; Scena, "Infelice,"—Mendelssohn; Grand Sonata, "Pius Ultra,"—Dussek; Chamber Trio, Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello—Sterndale Bennett; Aria, "Quando Mire,"—Mozart; Solo, Pianoforte, Adagio and Gigue—Mozart.—VOCALISTS: Madame Enderssohn and Miss Lascelles.—Pianoforte, Mr. Brinley Richards; Violin, Mr. H. Blagrove; Violoncello, Mr. Daubert; Accompanist, Mr. Francesco Berger. Tickets, 7s. and 10s. 6d., at the Music-sellers, and of Mr. Brinley Richards, 4, Torrington-street, Russell-square.

SINGING LESSONS IN THE TRUE ITALIAN SCHOOL.—SIGNOR G. PAGGI, Professor of Singing, Chevalier of the Golden Military Equestrian Order of St. Silvester; Honorary Member and Examiner of the Musical Academy of St. Cecilia of Rome, Member of the Artists' Association of Paris, &c., &c., &c., begs to announce to the nobility, gentry, his pupils, and artists, that he has arrived in town for the season to resume his instructions as before, at his own or their residences. For particulars, apply at Signor Paggi's residence, 15, Margaret-street, Cavendish-square.

PIANOFORTE AND SINGING.—A Young Lady, "King's Scholar," and sub-professor of the Royal Academy of Music, has part of her time now unoccupied, which she is willing to devote to the instruction of pupils (either in schools or private families) in singing and the pianoforte. Address E., 48, Bernard-street, Russell-square.



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A Gentleman with a powerful Baritone voice of great compass (a thorough musician) is anxious to meet with a professional person who will introduce him to the public as a singer, either in sacred or secular music. First-class testimonials can be given, and very liberal terms are offered. M. D., 7, Webb's County-terrace, New Kent-road, S.E.

TO BE DISPOSED OF, an Old-established Pianoforte and Music Warehouse, in one of the principal towns in the North of England, including a good tuning connection and several agencies, affording a very eligible opportunity for a professional gentleman, the present proprietor (a professor of music) removing to London. For particulars, apply to Messrs. Boosey and Sons, Holles-street, London.

FOR SALE, A GOOD ORGAN. Compass of keys, CC to F in alt., with pedal bourdon to CCC. Stops: stopt diapason, open diapason, principal, fifteenth, flute, claribella, pedal coupler. Polished birch case, with gilded front. Apply to Mr. Vinnicombe, 14, Northcote-place, Exeter.

SMALL SIZED HARP.—For Sale, a great Bargain, a double-action harp for a beginner, made by Schwieso (from Erard), to order for a nobleman's daughter. Height 4 feet 11 inches, in perfect condition. Apply to Mr. Frederick Wright, Music-seller, Brighton; or Messrs. Boosey and Sons, London.

OLD VIOLINS FOR SALE.—One real Joseph Guarnerius, warranted in fine condition, and another fine-toned Italian violin. Also two fine-toned Double Basses. For price, apply to J. Moore, Buxton Road, Huddersfield.

VIOLONCELLO.—A fine old violoncello for sale by Barrak Norman; also a 6½ grand Pianoforte, both the property of a lady. To be seen at J. Bagnall's, 33, Charles-street, Hampstead-road.

RENE FAVARGER.—Operatic Fantasies:—Il Barbiere, Il Trovatore, La Traviata, Martha, I Puritani, Oberon, Sonnambula, L'Etoile du Nord, and Luisa Miller, 3s. 6d. each.—Cramer, Beale, and Co., 201, Regent-street.

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RENE FAVARGER.—Les Huguenots, Rose of Castille, Il Balen, Serrade Espagnol, Titania, 3s. and 3s. 6d.—Cramer, Beale and Co., 201, Regent-street.

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COMPOSITIONS FOR THE PIANOFORTE, by J. DERFFEL.—Three pieces—(Set 1st) Andante, Etude, and Chorus. Three pieces—(Set 2nd) Song without Words, Elegy, and Scherzo. Cramer, Beale, and Chappell, 201, Regent-street.

COMPOSITIONS FOR THE PIANOFORTE, by E. SILAS.—"Il Penseroso." Six fugitive pieces in minor keys—Prelude and Impromptu, Gavotte, Passepied, and Courante, performed by Miss Arabella Goddard. Six original Duets for two performers on the Pianoforte. Trio (No. 1.), Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello, in G minor. Trio (No. 2.), Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello, in A Major. Cramer, Beale, and Co., 201, Regent-street.

MURIEL, Ballad, from the popular novel, "John Halifax, Gentleman," by G. Linley, 2s. Cramer, Beale and Co., 201, Regent-street.

"THE VERY ANGELS WEEP, DEAR," composed by MOZART; sung by Mr. Wilby Cooper at the Monday Popular Concerts, St. James's Hall, on the Mozart Night, is published, price 3s., by Duncan Davison, 244, Regent-street.—"Some of the pieces, too, possessed the charm of novelty, among them must be named, as first in beauty, that pathetic love song 'The very angels weep, dear,' which Mr. Wilby Cooper sung with genuine feeling."—*The Times*.

PUBLISHED BY SUBSCRIPTION, for the benefit of the Composer, **TWELVE SONGS—SIX SACRED and SIX SECULAR**—(comprising some never before published, and others reprinted by kind permission of the proprietors), by E. J. LODER. Subscription, One Guinea, payable to Duncan Davison, 244, Regent-street, on receipt of which the copies will be delivered to the Subscribers.

BACHIANA.—Select Preludes and Fugues from the miscellaneous Pianoforte works of J. S. Bach, as performed in public by Miss Arabella Goddard. No. 1, Fuga Scherzando in A minor; No. 2, Prelude and Fugue on the name B A C H in B flat; No. 3, Fantasia con Fughetta in D major. Price 2s. each. The *Literary Gazette* says: "As an introduction to the more difficult and elaborate works of the Leipzig Cantor, we can imagine nothing more appropriate, nothing more likely to tempt the student onward, than these selections from Bach's fugitive compositions, which present the further attraction of being almost unknown in England."

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This work is especially addressed to persons unable to avail themselves of a master's services. At the same time its utility will be promoted in the hands of the teacher. It will be found further valuable as a collection of Ballads and Songs for a voice of moderate compass. The words are of the purest character, and the music is in the composer's most popular style. With these recommendations it is trusted that the "New Method of Singing" will be found in the hands of all professors and amateurs of the art.

In a large book, price FIVE SHILLINGS.

Quotations from the Press.

"This is a work of much merit, and one which will be found to contain much valuable information for such persons as cannot avail themselves of the services of an experienced master."—*Dublin Evening Mail*.

"The instructions appear to us to be very clear, and will no doubt be found exceedingly useful."—*Plymouth Herald*.

"Mr. Balfe has written a Method open to the most common understanding."—*Brighton Gazette*.

"A boon to all students in the divine art."—*Liverpool Mail*.

PORTRAITS OF HANDEL, MOZART, BEETHOVEN,

MENDELSSOHN.—Lately published, price 6s. each (size—25 in. by 20 in.). New Portraits of the above Masters, copied from the most authentic subjects, and splendidly executed in Lithography. These excellent likenesses have excited the unanimous admiration of the profession, and are generally esteemed superior to all similar portraits previously published. Boosey and Sons' Holles-street.

HENRY SMART'S CHORAL BOOK, containing a

selection of the tunes employed in the English Church, newly harmonised, and adapted for four voices and organ, price 5s. Several of the tunes are harmonised in two different ways. They will be found useful as a means of following such variety of sentiments as exist in the words. Some of the melodies appear in a third shape, for the purpose of being sung in unison and octaves by the choir, and supported by an independent organ part. Boosey and Sons' Musical Library, Holles-street.

FORBES' COMPANION TO THE PSALM AND

HYMN BOOK, containing 73 new and favourite Psalm and Hymn tunes, and 43 Single and Double Chants, harmonised for four voices, and adapted for the Organ or Pianoforte, price 4s., in cloth gilt. This work may be had with either the Rev. W. J. Hall's or the Rev. J. H. Gurney's selection of words. Boosey and Sons' Musical Library, Holles-street.

THE OPERATIC ALBUM. In answer to numerous inquiries, the publishers beg to state that a Second Edition of this popular work will be ready early next week, splendidly illustrated and bound, and containing

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CHURCH MUSIC.—Price Eighteen Pence. A Selection

of Standard PSALM and HYMN TUNES, of a sound and devotional character, adapted for the use of Parish Choirs and Churches. Edited and arranged by E. H. Thorne, Organist and Choir Master, Henley-on-Thames.

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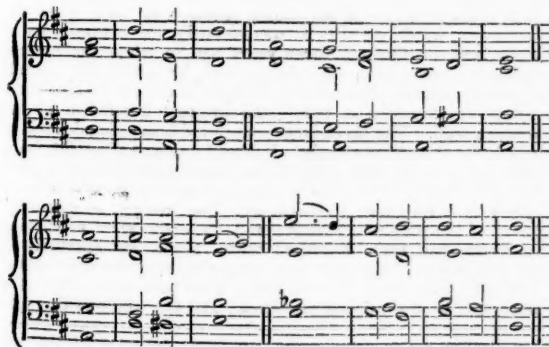
Also, Price Three Pence, CANTICLES, DIVIDED FOR CHANTING. London W. Wells Gardner, 7, Paternoster-row.

REVIEWS.

Garcia's New Treatise on the Art of Singing—"a compendious method of instruction, with examples and exercises for the cultivation of the voice" (Cramer, Beale and Chappell)—offers, as truly stated in the preface, a course of study more methodical, more progressive, and more complete, than is to be derived from an earlier work known to the musical public as *Garcia's Complete School of Singing*. There is nothing, however, to place the *New Treatise* in direct opposition to its predecessor, or to entitle it to be hailed as a *bond fide* novelty. The greater utility justly claimed for it may be ascribed to the more concise, orderly, and, in other respects, superior arrangement of its materials.

The name of Manuel Garcia, Professor of Singing at the Royal Academy of Music, is widely spread enough, and carries with it sufficient weight to render certain foot notes in the "Publisher's Preface"—conveying the information that the author of the *New Treatise on Singing* is the son of Garcia, who was the father of Malibran, who was the sister of Pauline Viardot, and that, further, he reckoned among his pupils, Jenny Lind herself, "the most attractive vocalist of the age"—altogether superfluous. Whatever M. Garcia has to say about the vocal art is well worth attention; and a work like the present, which combines and sets forth the results of a life of assiduous study and well-earned experience cannot be otherwise than acceptable to those who regard the matter from a serious point of view. As a mere guide book, or elementary *gradus*, for beginners, the *Treatise* must be pronounced more nice, particular and refined in one sense, more prolix, diffuse, and even cumbersome in another, than absolutely useful; but, as a philosophical means of probing to the very depths the beautiful art to which it is dedicated, it will be found both interesting and valuable. Every thoughtful and ambitious student should possess a copy, however he may be inclined to question some of the propositions it embodies. In many respects, it certainly is the most able and comprehensive production of the class to which it belongs.

Twenty-four Cathedral and Church Chants—composed by George Hale Thomas, aged twelve years (London, Addison and Hollier—Gloucester, Thomas)—are not only noticeable as coming from a mere child, but for a great deal of intrinsic beauty. Here subjoined, for example, is a double-chant, in which purity of harmony and freshness of melody are combined:—



Another, taken at hazard, shows a different kind of sentiment to no less advantage:—



A third (the last we can quote) is perhaps even more remarkable, if not more beautiful, than either the above:—



Here we stop, as we have a great objection to endanger precocious talent by submitting it to the unwholesome test of adulation. How much of the work before us is due to the unaided invention of Master Thomas, and how much may belong to his instructor or instructors, we are, of course, unable to say. At present, we have done enough in pointing to the *Cathedral and Church Chants* as worth attention solely on their own account, without ulterior considerations.

"*My ain Donald*"—ballad, poetry by John Brougham, music by Clement White (Duncan Davison and Co.)—without involving plagiarism, is an excellent imitation of Scottish song. The melody is tuneful, unaffected, and *singable*, besides enjoying the advantage of being allied to words that offend neither sense nor rhythm.

We have not for a considerable period seen anything in the guise of solo pianoforte pieces so unpretending, and at the same time so thoroughly good in their way, as the collection of short movements bearing the title of *Six Melodies*, dedicated to Herr Anschütz, by H. J. A. Hennen—in two books (Addison, Hollier, and Lucas). We must, while praising the whole set unreservedly, point to No. 6, in E major, as the best developed; to No. 5, in B flat minor, as the most expressive; and to No. 3, in D minor, as the most original. The first of these—*Andantino con moto quasi allegretto*—has the flow and sparkle of Steibet, one of whose favourite figures of accompaniment, by the way, is skilfully employed. No. 2, a kind of *étude*, in G minor (*allegro con moto*), though scarcely so complete as some of its companions—those especially which we have singled out—will interest on account of a certain faint resemblance that may be detected to the last of Dr. Sterndale Bennett's *Three Romances*—coincidence of key being only one point of affinity. At the same time it must not be supposed that we

are instituting any comparison between so inobtrusive a bagatelle as this *étude*, whatever its merits, and the polished and masterly work of the Cambridge Musical Professor.

"*Roy's Wife*," and "*We're a' Noddin'*," transcribed as a fantasia, for the pianoforte; "*Impromptu de Concert*," sur la *mélodie* "*Robin Adair*"—par W. Vincent Wallace. (Robert Cocks & Co.) As a writer of fantasias in the modern school, Mr. Vincent Wallace may be called the legitimate successor of Sigismund Thalberg, now that that eminent *virtuoso* is resting on his laurels, and busing himself with deeper cogitations than belong to arpeggios or double scales. Mr. Wallace, besides being a thoughtful and experienced composer, is a professor of long standing, and thus not only able to invest his pianoforte pieces with abstract musical interest, but with such qualities as enable the performers to produce the most brilliant effects by legitimate means. The fantasias above-named are both admirably written and extremely showy. "*Robin Adair*," to our thinking, is the best of the two, although its companion has great merits. Perhaps the lovely Irish melody may influence our opinion. Many think (with Burns) that "*Robin Adair*," is a *Scotch* tune; but they are entirely mistaken. "*Eileen Aroon*," one of the oldest known Irish songs was in existence long before the hero of "*Robin Adair*" was born. This and the "*Coolin*" are the two most ancient melodies in Moore's Collection. If this will not satisfy such readers as may adopt the Caledonian side of the question, we beg to inform them—and this is a "*clinch*"—that Robin Adair was an *Irishman*, a county Limerick gentleman, and ancestor of the present Viscount Molesworth. The original air, "*Eileen Aroon*," however, was at least a century older than "*Robin Adair*." The *Impromptu de Concert* is dedicated to Miss Arabella Goddard, who, we need hardly add, has executed it frequently in public with eminent success. Intended for so great a mistress of the key-board, it was not to be supposed that Mr. Wallace would write merely ordinary passages, but rather set down something worthy of one who can accomplish with ease the most amazing difficulties. Nevertheless, to dexterous pianists it presents no unsurmountable obstacles, and may be mastered even by less-gifted players through the medium of time and perseverance. As show pieces for display, both *Fantasia* and *Impromptu* are in every way worthy of commendation.

MEMOIR OF THE PARISH CHURCH OF ST. MARTIN IN THE FIELDS.—THE RECENT ALTERATIONS THEREIN.—THE VARIOUS ORGANS THE CHURCH HAS POSSESSED.

(Continued from page 118.)

UNTIL the year 1830, this magnificent structure was so closely hemmed in by mean dwelling-houses and narrow streets, that it was entirely shut out from view from any favourable point, excepting the yard of the King's-mews, which till that date occupied the area, now the site of Trafalgar-square and the National Gallery. But in the general improvements which took place in this quarter at the period of the above date, the church was brought into the eligible and commanding position it now occupies, and the great public improvement embraced in its plan numerous improvements immediately connected with this church. Up to this time the churchyard was an open burial-ground of considerably larger dimensions than the present enclosure. In the construction of the new street forming the direct continuation of Pall Mall to the Strand, that part of the line called Duncannon-street (so-named after the then chief commissioner), as also Adelaide-street, were formed out of the burial ground, when the churchyard became circumscribed to its present limits.

Large vaults were constructed therein, the whole area paved with flag-stones, and the enclosure granite walls and iron railing as now seen erected.* Also the range of buildings north of the church, which flanks the road leading from St. Martin's Lane to the Lowther Arcade, were now erected. These buildings comprise the Vicarage House, the Parochial Vestry Room with attached offices, and the National School. The school was erected by subscription, on ground given by His Majesty George IV. The parsonage house was built at an expense of £3,000, the private fortune of Dr. Richards, the then vicar. The other works connected with the church were executed at the public expense, the estimate for which was £11,000, and included in the general cost of the "*Charing Cross Improvements*," the outlay involved in which considerably exceeded one million sterling.

The above estimate for the works connected with St. Martin's Church was exclusive of the cost of the re-interment of the bodies exhumed from the churchyard in the lowering of the ground to the required level of the roadway, for by the Act of Parliament persons were allowed the expenses (in no case to exceed for each body £10) of removing the bodies of their relatives, and which, according to the following extract from the *Times* of Oct. 3, 1827, it may be imagined amounted to a large sum:—

"Not less than 700 bodies have already been removed from this ancient burial place to the newly consecrated burial ground at Camden Town, and the churchyards of St. Clement Danes, St. Bride's, St. James's, and St. Ann's. The remaining bodies, &c., as yet to be exhumed are calculated at 1,000. The coffins are wedged so close to each other, as the excavation proceeds, that they have the appearance of a subterranean boarded floor."

In the autumn of last year, the church underwent a thorough repair and re-embellishment, and at the same time some important alterations in the interior were effected, as follows, namely:—the pewing throughout the church has been razed from the high-backed style of 4 ft. 6 in. down to the now modern height of 3 ft. The wainscot works, corresponding with the pewing, that encased the pedestals of the columns, has been removed, and pedestals formed in wood work, painted imitative of stone, and enlarged to appropriate dimensions, with cornice of the order added. The shafts have been cleansed of the various coats of paint, and two of copal varnish substituted; which, darkening the natural hue of the stone, gives them somewhat the appearance of polished Aberdeen granite, the capitals and entablatures being painted imitative of statuary marble, and etched with gold. The ornaments of the ceiling are done in distemper, of stone colour, and the plain surfaces a sort of bright lavender, whilst the pateras and some of the leading mouldings are tastefully etched in gold, presenting a roof of very gorgeous, yet chaste and elegant, appearance. The side walls, not covered with the old high wainscot lining, which latter remains, are painted stone colour. An upper tier of gallery, which crossed the western end of the church (placed there subsequently to the date of the structure of the edifice, probably in 1800, when the last organ, which stood in it, was erected), the central part of which was cut through three years ago to admit the present organ, has never been entirely removed, by which the capitals of the Corinthian pilasters are brought into view, as also some groups of cherubim in relief—the original decoration of the western wall. The three large suspended brass chandeliers, by which the church was at night lighted by means of candles, have been taken away, and gas lighting substituted, the fittings of which being standards bearing circles of jets fixed to the pews at intervals throughout the church. The canopy, or sounding-board of the pulpit—a massive and elaborate piece of carving in wood—has been dispensed with. Some oval apertures in the upper part of the quadrant corners, joining the recess at the east end to the body of the church, have been restored as they were left by the original architect; and the windows through-

* The iron railing enclosing the churchyard put up at this time was cast at the foundry of Messrs. Cottam and Allen, to the massive pattern of the old wrought iron railing originally in front of the portico.

out the church have been newly glazed with Hartley's glass. These works were carried out under the direction of T. H. Lewis, architect, Mr. Clemence being the contractor for the carpenters' and joiners' work; the painted and gilded decorations having been executed by Mr. Richard Cobbett, of Northumberland-street. The entire cost, amounting to about £2300, is defrayed by voluntary subscription.

It has always been urged against the interior of St. Martin's Church that, notwithstanding the great architectural decoration it displays, the immense quantity of dark wood-work comprised in the wainscot of the walls, the high-backed pewing and other wood fittings, together with the smallness of the openings for light, the latter being almost exclusively in the side walls—a remarkably heavy and sombre appearance pervaded the whole area. The recent alterations has, however, done much to remedy this defect, as every one familiar with the church will at once see that the interior has assumed a much more light and airy aspect. And low pews are now generally acknowledged the more fitting and appropriate church arrangement.

Yet some of these improvements have been purchased at a cost of architectural and other considerations, that render the work, after all, of somewhat a doubtful propriety. First, as respects the principal alteration—the lowering the pews. This has been destructive of a primary feature in the architect's original design, viz., that of the pews ranging in their height with the pedestals of the columns; a feature identified with some of the best churches of the age to which St. Martin's belongs: see, for instance, the St. Stephen's, Walbrook, and St. Magnus, London Bridge, of Wren; the St. Mary, Woolnoth, and St. George's in the East, of Hawksmoor; St. Botolph, Bishopsgate, &c., &c. And secondly, the removal of so much furniture and wood fittings has caused an appearance of voidness in the general view of the interior area, which forces on the mind of the spectator the circumstance of great disparity between the excessive decoration above and the extreme plainness of all below, and seems to give more point to Walpole's severity, which says of this celebrated interior, "In all is wanting that harmonious simplicity that speaks a genius; columns are cut by galleries which appear to have helped the artist out of a difficulty by consenting to stand without support, the entablature is broken into bits, and the very profusion of decoration on the ceiling becomes an error if you contrast it with the neighbouring parts, that seem, in their comparative nakedness, to have been sacrificed in consequence."

(To be continued in our next.)

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MUSICAL SAYINGS AND DOINGS IN Breslau.

By DR. W. VIOL.

I.

THE MEN OF THE FUTURE.*

As a matter of course, for some time past, a tolerable amount of business has been done in this place, in "Music of the Future." How, indeed, could there well fail to be, in so important a town, a joint-stock company, to play vigorously into the hands of the wholesale firm at Weimar! For, after all, it is a matter of business, and the great point is to push, by every possible means, and with iron persistency, at the present time, the sale of a commodity, properly intended for the market of the Future. We will quietly leave this "discord in nature" to itself, however, and, for the present, simply mention the fact that, even in Breslau, there have been formed, among musical judges, true artists (to whom naturally belong all those who earn their bread by music), dilettante and laymen, two parties, ranged in hostile array against each other, namely—the adherents of the old, that is the "surmounted" point of view, and the champions of the Music of the Future. Even two or three years ago, the goblin of the Music of the Future haunted two or three soirées. It was said that his task was to sound the ground; to render the public susceptible to the mystic compositions of a Volkmann, a Brahms, a C. Frank, &c., and thus, to a certain degree, systematically to prepare them for the far sublimer pleasure of Liszt's "Symphonic Poems." Strange to say,

this frolicsome goblin, whom some restless, youthful and hot-headed individuals had conjured up, disappeared again immediately into the realms of the invisible world, where, perhaps, he feels far more at ease than in the bright light of day, which requires clearness and transparency. In a word, after two or three soirées, in which the audiences shook their heads or gaped, the place ceased to be thus haunted, probably because the public proved "too stupid" to be capable of understanding and changing in *succum et sanguinem*, the exceedingly lofty ideas and phantastic monstrosities offered them. Meanwhile, *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin* were produced at our theatre. Quiet, reflective people, with a leaning to the old state of things, which, in their eyes, was still worth something, could not, with all due appreciation of a great deal that was good, find anything absolutely new and better. The wild mob of the enthusiasts of the Future, however, knew no bounds, and woe to him who should have dared to speak any longer of such things as *Iphigenia*, *Don Juan*, or whatever the antiquated rubbish was called. "Stone him! stone him!" Such was the cry with which furious and blind party-spirit drowned everything; the "fools" were cowed, and joined in the jubilations at the birth of a new Messiah; the "wise" held their tongues, and consoled themselves with the sentiment: "Lord, forgive them, they know not what they do!"

Greater and greater efforts were now made to work the ground here, and, by talking and writing, to enlighten the stupid masses as to the mighty revelations of the Music of the Future. A very favourable opportunity for doing this, in the domain of instrumental music, soon presented itself in the performance of the "Symphonic Poems," by Franz Liszt, at a concert of the Royal Chapel at Löwenburg. An active Sancho Panza of Dr. Liszt's, Herr Heinrich Gottwald, who, for some time previously, had entered upon his mission as an apostle of the Music of the Future in the local papers, and reproached old Gluck with childish notions, and so on, immediately set off on a pilgrimage to Löwenburg, to Franz Liszt, the mighty chief of the Music of the Future. Then, as became him, he interpreted in the papers the immense import of those most profound thoughts and revelations in the "Symphonic Poems," which an ordinary ear cannot so easily, it is true, comprehend, and in which we must first dive again and again, with the warmest love and devotion, before we can at all succeed in appreciating the enigmatical character of these creations—or, as Herr Brendel says, to the comprehension of which we must bring faith.

That professional musicians wield the critic's pen, is a characteristic feature of modern times, and so we naturally find Herr H. Gottwald laying his critical egg in that universal nest of the musicians of the Future, the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*.

To earn the appreciation of the world by sterling and really artistic musical productions is, now-a-days, much too laborious and difficult a task; it is far easier for a man to get himself talked about, by forming some musical clique, and then, after picking up somewhere a plausible mode of speech and phrases that sound learned, by an unscrupulous defence of his faction, and denying that anyone else possesses sound judgment, earning a claim to recognition and the thanks of his colleagues. The principal thing in this is to behave with the requisite rudeness, as it is far less important to overcome an opponent by unanswerable arguments than to deafen him by impudent clamour.

Shortly after this, there appeared, as the champion of Liszt's laurels, in the musical arena, Dr. Leopold Damrosch, an excellent fiddler, and well-educated musician, whom the Musical Society, Philharmonia, of this place, had chosen as their conductor. He made it a rule to produce, at the concerts, new compositions, principally, however, works of the Future. He performed, also, the creations of Beethoven, not as a common individual would have done, but in Liszt's freest style, which, by capricious hurrying and retarding of the tempo, and by all sorts of astonishing effects and vivid lights, caused the well-known compositions to assume, in a certain degree, a new and striking form—though, whether in conformity with the intentions of the composer or of Liszt, we will not attempt to decide. We are by no means of so one-sided a nature as to be unwilling to confess the merit of extending the knowledge of musical literature by the performance of modern works; but we cannot approve of the manner in which this is done, namely, altogether in a party spirit. The culminating point of Dr. Damrosch's exertions was the concert lately given for his benefit. It offered us a monster programme of ten pieces, of which the last, after two overtures, a violin-concerto (of his own composition), Beethoven's pianoforte concerto in G major, the "Préludes of Liszt," "Hungarian Rhapsodies," and several vocal pieces, consisted simply of Beethoven's Symphony in A major. The reader may perceive from this how largely the musicians of the Future draw upon the nervous system of their hearers! We ourselves do not exactly labour under a weakly constitution, but we could not swallow the whole of the programme, especially as some very

* See the article headed "Music of the Future," at page 118 of our last number.

wonderful dishes had been offered us in the shape of a violin-concerto of Herr Damrosch, worked out in the strictest style of the Music of the Future, and Liszt's "Préludes." Herr von Bülow played Beethoven's concerto in G major, with his usual virtuosity, but disfigured this wonderful composition by the introduction of cadences (probably his own), which formed the most glaring contrast to the spirit and character of the concerto.

We had an opportunity, in a notice of this concert in the *Schlesische Zeitung*, to give our opinion, quite unreservedly—but with just appreciation of the merits of the concert-giver—of the Music of the Future performed on the occasion. We said we did not, by any means, consider Liszt's wonderful work, "Les Préludes," so profound in its conception, and unfathomable in its nature, as some persons would have us believe. The whole thing struck us as the outpouring of a sickly fancy, exerting itself to the uttermost, but, after impotent struggles and efforts, producing only an abortion. This view of the subject caused a fearful commotion in the camp of the Musicians of the Future. Herr Gottwald thus found vent for his indignation in the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*:—"While professional musicians, most nearly connected with the new tendency, cannot at once see their way through the details of these wonderful musical productions of Liszt's, and while the mighty magic of so many beauties is only completely unfolded even to them gradually, by their repeatedly and lovingly entering into the intentions of the composer," (I say, with Brenner, far more pointedly, by Faith!), "we have just witnessed here in Breslau a rare phenomenon in the way of quick musical comprehension. In his notice of the above concert, in the local paper, an anonymous writer remarks: 'the purport of them' (the Préludes) 'is so apparent and near the surface, that no great acuteness is necessary to estimate them; they contain nothing really tangible, but only mist and smoke!' Oh! excellent individuals, certainly, for what you have discovered no especial acuteness is requisite, but it is needed for what you have not discovered" (for there is nothing but faith—always faith, say I). "This same 'Ulibischeff' (Oh, would you possessed as healthy a brain as the said Mongolian), has even—mark, mark!—scented out 'sentimental phrases,' such as are customary in ballets. In such assertions there is the most decided musical *cretinism*" (probably those persons, who, at a repetition of the "Préludes," could not dive into the beauties of the work, but even, by murmurs and hisses, refused to have their organs of hearing further regaled by this composition, were all *cretins*), "from which it is impossible for us to withhold our sincere sympathy. From such opponents, who, even after hearing so wonderful a tone-picture as the 'Préludes,' felt impelled to exclaim: 'May St. Cecilia graciously preserve us in future from such programme-music!' it is very plain that we can never expect anything." (That you certainly never can.)

Herr Damrosch had recourse to the usual tactics of the Musicians of the Future, which consist in bringing their wares, although rejected, again and again to market. He tickled the rebellious ears of the Breslauers with the magic strains of that famous composition, "Les Préludes," till, at last, the thread of their patience snapped, and, as has already been stated, they endeavoured to get rid of the unwelcome guest by repeated murmurs and hisses. Thereupon, Herr Damrosch flew into a rage, and, stepping forward, endeavoured, by clapping with his own hands, to impress upon the public the value of the said tone-picture. This is another characteristic mark of the Musicians of the Future, who will by no means allow themselves to be misled by the public taste, but as "autocrats in the domain of criticism," mercilessly swing their cudgels round their heads, to bring their rebellious hearers to reason. Did not Herr Hans von Bülow, at his last concert in the Singacademie in Berlin, a concert supplied with every possible tit-bit of the Music of the Future, employ a far more decided method to stop the unpleasant behaviour of his hearers, by calling upon those who were discontented to leave the room? Well, gentlemen, take, at once, only one step more, and let these troublesome people (who, by the way, seem to exist), who may dare to pronounce an opinion for their hard cash, be instantly turned out! This is, beyond a shadow of a doubt, the most effective means, and the only one, for causing the Music of the Future to be received without opposition, since it will only be when not a single rational person listens to the turgid offspring of your sickly fancy, and your convulsive efforts, at the sacrifice of truth and beauty, to be "altogether" original—it will, I say, be only then that you will be able, with tranquil love and fervour, to revel undisturbed in the *olla podrida* of your crude ideas. In the good old times bad pieces and players were hissed off the stage, and, if they would not go, pelted thence with rotten apples. At present the tables are turned. Artists themselves are the critics, and expel the public from the temple, if the latter derive no pleasure from inartistic productions. The world is round, and must revolve.

FOREIGN.

PARIS.—The *Journal des Débats* of a day or two since has a *feuilleton* about concerts in Paris, from which we extract the following:—

"Since the lyric theatres, at present, are continually threatening, but abstain from striking, we will say a few words about concerts, which, for a good month, have been striking without threatening. It is true that their threats, or, if the reader prefers it, their preliminary puffs, can now be only seldom received by our papers, for the French periodicals are not yet of the dimensions of the *Times*, and, in their present form, would not be large enough. This year there is a new kind of luxury evident in the manner of giving concerts; we now meet with scarcely a *virtuoso* who does not indulge in an orchestra. He gets together four honest first violins, four very modest second violins, two poor, shivering tenors, four hoarse basses, a wretched flute, two bleating hautboys, some virtuous bassoon or other in a maroon-coloured coat, and then calls this an orchestra. The precious assemblage accompanies, in the best way it can, the concerto of the *beneficiaire*, scrapes through an overture, and the trick is done; a concert has been given with an orchestra. The only thing is that the concert-giver loses five hundred francs more than he would have lost, had he humbly presented himself, as was formerly the custom, alone before the public.

"We must, however, make an honourable exception in favour of the *virtuosi* of a certain rank, nearly all of whom apply, when they give a concert, to the orchestra of the Société des Jeunes Artistes, directed by M. Pasdeloup. This body of instrumentalists comprises a number of really talented persons, and quite deserves the name of an orchestra. At their first *matinée* this year, the young artists even executed, in a remarkable and praiseworthy fashion, Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony*. How do the poems of antiquity, however fine and admired they may be, pale, when placed in juxtaposition with this marvel of modern music! Theocritus and Virgil were great landscape-singers, and their verses are instinct with gentle melody—especially if not recited by a set of savages, like us Frenchmen, who pronounce Latin in a way that would induce any one to think it was Auvergnian—

"But Beethoven's poem, with its long periods, so highly coloured!—its speaking images!—its perfumes!—its light!—its eloquent silence!—its vast horizons!—its enchanted retreats in the woods!—its golden harvests!—its roseate cloudlets, those wandering spots on the sky!—its immense plain slumbering under the southern sun!—man is absent!—nature alone unveils and admires herself!—and then, too, the profound repose of everything that lives!—the streamlet, like a child, running babblingly towards the river!—the river, father of waters, flowing down in majestic silence to the sea!—now man appears; man, the denizen of the fields, robust and religious, with his joyous sports interrupted by the storm—his terror—his hymn of gratitude—

"Veil your faces, poor great poets of antiquity; poor immortals; your conventional language, so pure and so harmonious, cannot contend with the art of sounds. You may die gloriously, but you are defeated; there is no doubt of that! You were not acquainted with what we call, at the present day, melody, harmony, nay, even rhythm, the association of different pitches, instrumental colouring, modulations, the skilful conflicts of hostile sounds, which begin by combating with each other and end by embracing, the surprises with which we greet the ear, and the strange accents we employ, and which find an echo in the most unexplored depths of the soul. The stammering utterance of the puerile art you called music could not give you the faintest idea of all this; you alone were, for cultivated minds, the great melodists, the harmonists, and the masters of rhythm and expression. But these words, in your languages, possessed a far different sense to that which we give them at the present day. The art of sounds, properly speaking, an art independent of words and everything else, was born yesterday; it is scarcely an adult; it is twenty. It is beautiful; it is all-powerful; it is the Pythian Apollo of the moderns. We are indebted to it for a world of sentiments and sensations which were a sealed book for you, and of which you did not even suspect the existence. Yes, great and adored poets, you are vanquished. *Gloriosi sed victi.*" * * * * *

"At the above meeting, rendered illustrious by the performance of Beethoven's marvellous idyl, we heard, also, an overture by M. Féis, and Mendelssohn's violin concerto executed by M. Sainton. This French *virtuoso* (M. Sainton is a native of Toulouse) has settled a long time in England. His position in London is greatly envied, but it was nobly gained. He is leader of the orchestra at Covent Garden, at the Old Philharmonic, in Hanover-square, and at the Court Concerts. His name is popular, in the good acceptance of the word, among English artists

and amateurs. He is one of the small number of violinists whose superiority is plainly evident in all kinds of music, and whose value is as much appreciated in an orchestra as in a quartet or a solo. His play is as firm, sharply-defined and precise, as it is brilliant and highly coloured. He possesses a bow of steel, and an incomparably skilful left hand. Never does a doubtful or even an incomplete or ill-formed sound escape him; his *staccato* is imperturbably certain and equal, while all his harmonies are triumphs. The success of this great virtuoso at Paris, where the public had scarcely heard of him, has been as striking as rapid.

"A few days after the *Matinée Musicale* of the Jeunes Artistes, M. Sainton gave a concert of his own, and the reception he met with, on that occasion, from the audience, struck us as being still warmer than the reception he met with on his first appearance; he was, without exaggeration, crushed with applause.

"The same evening, we heard, also, with a feeling of pleasure, the more lively because rare, that delicious tenor, Gardoni, another man of talent of whom England has nearly robbed us. His voice, without having lost anything of its juvenile freshness, and soothing charm, seems to have gained in force and virility of character. This delightful artist sings, too, *without effort* (a precious quality), and pronounces French irreproachably.

"In the same rooms (la Salle Herz), there had appeared, a few weeks prior to Sainton's concert, an infant prodigy, whose talent—already an indisputable reality—and exceptional organisation I cannot refrain from chronicling in this place. Henri Ketten, who is ten years and a-half old, possesses a very respectable amount of talent as a pianist. He plays like a reasoning musician, and not like a child, the works of the great masters. The only thing in which he is deficient is strength. His poor little fingers are scarcely capable of producing the most moderate effects of modern music. His execution is, however, clear, well marked, and, frequently, full of elegance. He has large nightingale-like eyes, and that sweetly pale forehead, which we are fond of regarding as a sign of the most precious qualities. He is, moreover, we are told, a great reader, and, like Shakspeare's Ariel, who 'drinks the air before him,' drinks music.

"We would advise his father not to be in too great a hurry to make him compose, and to be still less in a hurry to publish his compositions.

"The Conservatory has gone back to Haydn's *Creation*. We might, perhaps, say to this institution, 'Avocat, passons au déloge!' A new and talented artist appeared to advantage, however, at this solemn performance. I allude to Madlle. Dorus, a young lady with a soprano voice, fresh, extensive, and correct, although not yet fully formed. This graceful girl, the daughter of our admirable flautist, is an accomplished musician, and, in the excellent manner in which she uses her voice, as well as in the certainty of her intonation, and her skilful mode of phrasing and breathing, we recognise the excellent method of Mad. Gras-Dorus, who undertook her musical education.

"Permit me, also, to mention to you, with all sorts of praise, and even with real astonishment, a person who is unique of his kind, the master of a little world, where no one would now-a-days set his foot, the lord of a corner of the realm of music abandoned by the sun.

"I have just heard Zanni de Ferranti, the last, but, likewise, the first, of guitarists. It is really impossible to picture the effects he produces with this poor instrument, so limited and yet so difficult. He unites with Paganinian mechanism a communicative sensitiveness and an art of singing, such as scarcely any one, as far as I know, ever possessed before. Under his fingers the guitar dreams and weeps; you feel inclined to believe it foresees its approaching end, and begs of him to grant its life. This wretched orphan daughter of the lute and mandoline appears to say: 'Hark, how I sing the beautiful melodies of Oberon, the king of the fairies; how well I am acquainted with the accents of reserved and timid love; how my trembling voice can unite with the voice of mysterious tenderness! The lute is dead; the mandoline is dead; do not let me die too!' "Zanni de Ferranti, it is said, will spend the whole winter in Paris."—H. BÉLIOTZ."

PARIS.—(From our own Correspondent).—Some of the papers have announced the advent of M. Jullien to the French capital, for the purpose of giving concerts. It will be curious to learn how he is received in his own country. M. Jullien could not have hit upon a more propitious time, if he intends to pursue the same plan as in London, of amalgamating classical with popular music. The Parisians are beginning to appreciate Mendelssohn more and more, and to assign him his proper place among the greatest masters. Symphonies, concertos, and stringed quartets are now becoming the fashion.

Public curiosity is on tip-toe about the forthcoming new works at the lyric theatres—viz., Félicien David's *Herculeanum*—

(this name has now been determined on in place of *La Chute d'Herculeanum*, or *Le Dernier Jour d'Herculeanum*)—at the Opéra; Meyerbeer's *Dinorah* at the Opéra-Comique; *Jelotte*, an opera in one act, by M. Duprez, at the same theatre; *Faust* and *La Fée Carabosse*—the first, an opera in five acts, by M. Gounod, written for Madame Miolan-Carvalho and M. Guardî; the second a fairy opera in three acts, with prologue, in which Mesdames Ugalde and Faivre, MM. Meillet, Michot, &c., will take part—at the Théâtre-Lyrique.

ST. PETERSBURGH.—From the *Journal de St. Pétersbourg* we learn that *Don Giovanni* had been produced at the Imperial Opera, and that Tamberlik had selected *Otello* for his benefit. Of neither performance does our evasive contemporary furnish us with any account. To make amends, however, we are presented with a full and graphic relation of the concert given by the artists of the Italian Theatre, in the Grand Hall of the University, for the benefit of the poor scholars of the capital. "Never," exclaims the writer, in a fit of exultation, "have our beloved singers been more generously lavish of all the resources of their voice and talent. The enthusiasm they created is scarcely to be credited. The students carried off Madame Bosio and Signor Tamberlik in triumph. The Queen of our Italian Opera had her gloves and her lace torn into threads by these youthful fanatics, who wished to preserve for their adorations some remembrance of the enchantress, who, on her departure from the University, was accompanied by a cortège of sledges to the gates of her hotel. Mdme. Bosio, more than any other singer, is qualified to distinguish between the different enthusiastic temperaments of the Americans, English, French, Italians and Russians. The Italians, above all, would be astonished if they knew the opinions entertained about the artist in this capital. Not only are people not more cold in Russia, but admiration raises itself beyond equatorial temperatures. Mdme. Bosio sang at this concert, I need not say with what *éclat*, what suavity, what prodigious execution, her part in the quartet from *Don Pasquale*, and the air 'Vedrai carino' from *Don Giovanni*. Nor need I remind you with what grace, sentiment, purity of accent, and power combined, Tamberlik gave some Russian romances. You may judge of the effect he produced. Nor must we pass over the good services rendered to the *fête* by Signors De Bassini and Everardi, and the pianist, M. de Kontski."

TURIN.—The correspondent of the *Times* in his letter of yesterday, February 25th, thus speaks of the second appearance of Miss Victoire Balfe, at the Teatro Reggio:—

"Miss Balfe made her second appearance on Saturday, and was extremely well received by a very good house. If she still suffered in any degree from a nervousness that evidently distressed her on the first evening, it was in no way perceptible in her performance, which was perfectly easy, graceful, and judicious. She was much more sparing of ornament than on the previous night, and her singing pleased all the more in consequence. I hear none but favourable criticisms of her, accompanied, however, with a friendly wish that her voice were rather more powerful for such a theatre as the Reggio. Persons who have heard of her success at the Birmingham Festival, wonder that she should have been sufficiently heard in a vast music-hall. But it is not the size of the Theatre Royal, but its want of verberation, that tells against the singer. The Scala, at Milan, is much larger than the Reggio, but it is as sonorous as if built of sounding-boards, and I am persuaded Miss Balfe would have found it more favourable to her voice, which is sweet, clear, and delicate, rather than powerful. I have not heard her exact age, but on the stage she looks extremely young, and her voice has probably not yet attained its prime. In every other respect she is a most complete and accomplished artist. She was repeatedly applauded, and recalled on Saturday. The boxes at that theatre are rather cold,—I mean their inmates, who are, as I lately hinted, very fastidious, and who, moreover, visit the theatre rather to chat and receive visits than to listen to music, however good. The amount of loud conversation that goes on the whole evening—only now and then subsiding a little when some favourite *morceau* is sung—is discouraging enough to the singers, and not very favourable to their being heard by that portion of the audience who do go to listen to the opera. Miss Balfe, however, has no reason to complain. She has been most favourably received, and her success ought to be highly gratifying to herself, to her friends, and to the management of the Theatre Royal, Turin."

HANOVER.—On the 4th instant, a grand concert was given at Hanover, in honour of the birthday of Mendelssohn, under the direction of Herr Joseph Joachim, Concert-Meister. Our musical readers will be glad to learn that the celebrated violinist will visit England this season, and intends organising a series of quartet concerts, chiefly with a view to the posthumous quartets of Beethoven. Herr Joseph Joachim lately received from the King of Hanover the *insignia* of the "Guelphic Order." The Utrecht Students' Concert Society sent their Secretary expressly to him, at Hanover, with an invitation to play at the next concert, which Herr Joachim has accepted.

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Total abolition of all box-keepers' fees and booking charges.

MONDAY, Feb. 28th, Wednesday, March 2nd, and Saturday 5th. Balfe's Popular Opera of *THE ROSE OF CASTILLE*.—Messrs. Weiss, G. Honey, St. Albyn, Bartleman, and W. Harrison; Miss Susan Pyne, Mortimer, and Louisa Pyne. **Tuesday, March 1st, *MARITANA***.—Messrs. Weiss, F. Glover, G. Honey, and W. Harrison; Miss Susan Pyne, Morrell, and Louisa Pyne. **Thursday, March 3rd, Friday, March 4th, Balfe's Opera of *SATAN-ELLA***.—Messrs. Weiss, G. Honey, H. Corri, St. Albyn, and W. Harrison; Miss Rebecca Isaacs, Mortimer, and Miss Louisa Pyne. Conductor, Mr. ALFRED MELLON. To conclude with the highly popular successful Pantomime *LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD*.—Messrs. W. H. Payne, H. Payne, F. Payne, Barnes; Clara Morgan, Madlle. Morlacchi and Pasquale. **Monday, March the 14th, last night but five, Mr. W. Harrison, will take his benefit.**
Private boxes, £1 1s. to £3 3s.; stalls, 7s.; dress-circles, 5s.; amphitheatre stalls, 3s. and 2s.; pit, 2s. 6d.; amphitheatre, 1s. Doors open at half-past six, commence at seven.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

Farewell Season of Mr. CHARLES KEAN as Manager.

The Public is respectfully informed that the present arrangement of plays can only be continued for a very short time, in consequence of the forthcoming production of another and the last Shaksperian revival under the present management.

MONDAY, HAMLET. **Tuesday, A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.** **Wednesday, *LOUIS XI.*** **Thursday, *MACBETH.*** **Friday, A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.** **Saturday, *THE CORSIKAN BROTHERS***; and the *PANTOMIME* every evening.

GREAT NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE,

SHOREDITCH.—Proprietor, Mr. JOHN DOUGLASS.

Engagement of Mrs. W. C. Forbes the eminent American actress from the United States, and recently from the Theatre Royal Haymarket. First night of the powerful Play of *LUCRETIA BORGIA*, produced with new scenery, dresses, and appointments. Second week of Mr. Sullivan and his talented son. On Monday, and during the week, to commence with the Play of *LUCRETIA BORGIA, THE POISONER*. *Lucretia Borgia*, Mrs. W. C. Forbes. To be followed by the astonishing performance of Mr. Sullivan and his talented son. To conclude with a domestic drama. The great tragedian Mr. Kean Buchanan will appear on Monday next. Miss Glyn, Mr. Benjamin Webster, and a host of talent, will appear or *MRS. R. HONNER'S BENEFIT*, on Tuesday.

NOTICE.—In consequence of press of matter, we have been obliged to postpone, until next week, the continuation of Mr. Macfarren's "Sketch of the Life of Beethoven" and various other articles.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26TH, 1859.

THE Monday Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall have taken a turn which promises excellent results. The directors have at length condescended to assume for granted, however much against their inward conviction, that the public generally is not an aggregate of dolts, with ears wholly insensible to the influence of divine harmony. They have condescended to admit just so much, and begun to act upon the admission extorted from them, "*à rebrousse-poils*." To their surprise, no doubt (if not to their satisfaction), the two concerts already given, at which nothing but good music was allotted to either singer or player, proved eminently successful. To their astonishment, perhaps (if not to their

satisfaction), the quintets, quartets, and sonatas, not only pleased the multitude, but were heard with greater attention, and applauded with greater enthusiasm, than anything else. In short, most probably to their utter consternation (if not to their satisfaction), the two so-called "classical" concerts threw all that had preceded them into the shade—and this without the aid of great names, but solely on account of the musical attractions *quand même*.

After all, Mendelssohn and Mozart were shown to possess a certain value of *their own*, which, however modestly set forth, could not fail to elicit recognition. Their spell, indeed, was irresistible, and the directors are bound to acknowledge it; at all events, they cannot wisely shut their eyes to a fact so triumphantly asserted.

Our readers will, we think, give us credit for never having doubted the capability of the great public at large to appreciate the beautiful in art, and most especially in musical art. Our populations are not exclusively composed of "gents"—nor, on the other hand, are all our "gents" block-heads into the bargain. Possibly, were this great question probed to the bottom, the obstinate scepticism of most of our concert speculators might be traced to very different causes from any that have been yet assigned. Nevertheless, as the directors of the Monday Popular Concerts have at length come to reason, we shall refrain at present from any such inquiry, and trust in their own common sense to find out that their new line of policy is not only the most respectable, but the most *profitable*.

And what a field does chamber-music lay open to them! In no department have the greatest masters delighted to exercise their invention. Free and unfettered, they could give the rein to fancy, and produce under the exclusive influence of inspiration. Even Handel, the giant of the choir, bestowed many of his happiest inspirations on his chamber-music. Look, for example, at his admirable *Suites de Pièces*. Then Bach, the redoubtable John Sebastian, Emperor of the boundless realm of Counterpoint and Fugue, wrote almost as much for pianoforte *solus* (or harpsichord, more historically speaking), as for chorus and orchestra, and wrote, too, his very best. To make more than a passing allusion to the chamber-music of Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven, Weber, Schubert, Mendelssohn, and Spohr, would be superfluous. All the vast repertory bequeathed us by these gifted men is accessible, and may be obtained for the asking. The mine is inexhaustible. On the other hand, the vocal music—the chamber-songs, duets, trios, and quartets, from Handel down to Mendelssohn—presents an equally rich and varied store, which may be drawn upon *ad perpetuum*, without sensibly diminishing. There is, then, no evident reason why the Monday Popular Concerts should not be continued weekly, to the end of the musical season. If this can be accomplished—and successfully, with profit to the managers, as well as honour to the artists and advantage to the public—the good that must result is almost incalculable. Of six concerts we may be certain, the first two having answered so well. It remains, however, to be seen, on Monday night, if Haydn and Weber, combined, will be able to win as genuine a triumph over the sympathies of the audience as Mozart and Mendelssohn have already done, separately and unaided. For our own parts, we have no apprehensions, and are even inclined to think it would have been wiser on the part of the directors to devote an evening exclusively to each of those great masters. Of Beethoven, who follows next in succession, and is allowed

to stand "alone in his glory," there can be no doubt. M. Jullien has proved that, in another way, often enough.

Meanwhile we place implicit faith in the new undertaking, and trust that none but very solid, and, indeed, irrefutable arguments, may induce the Directors to desist, until they have afforded the improved version of the Monday Popular Concerts a full and fair trial.

Not for a moment can we believe that the similarity between the festival of the Indian goddess Anna Purna, and that of the Roman Anna Perenna is merely accidental. Are not the two names as like as possible, and would not this likeness alone be suggestive, even if there were no other point of coincidence? But there are many other points, and all of them are essential. The Indian Anna Purna is supposed to provide her sincere worshippers with such an abundance of rice, that they can never perish of hunger; and the picture of her that is before us, while we write this article, shows her seated on a throne, while the god Siva stands at her side as a mendicant, with a tiger-skin girt about his loins, and obviously solicits alms. The Roman divinity, according to a legend told by Ovid, was originally a benevolent old woman, who, when the plebeians had retired to the Mons Sacer, and found their provisions exhausted, distributed among them an ample supply of cakes.

"The Plebs, before the Tribunes were elected,
Fled to Mons Sacer, sadly disaffected,
But soon of victuals found themselves bereft;
Much they had brought, but not a crumb was left.
It chanced that at Bovilla liv'd a dame,
Old, poor, and active—Anna was her name.
On snow-white locks a modest cap she wore,
And knecaded with her trembling hands a store
Of cakes, which, hot and smoking, soon appeas'd
Each hungry stomach. So the people, pleas'd,
Built a fair temple, after peace was made,
And to Perenna thus their tribute paid."

We can scarcely suppose that the charity of this good old lady really introduced a new deity into the Italian mythology, and there are other theories according to which Anna Perenna was the Moon, Themis, Io, or Anna, the sister of Dido, who, to escape the jealous rage of Lavinia, wife of Æneas, threw herself into the River Numicius. But, whatever her origin, she was evidently a goddess of plenty, especially respected by the humbler classes, and these are precisely the attributes of Anna Purna.

Let us add that the Indian festival takes place in the month Chaitra, which belongs to the spring, and that the Roman goddess was honoured on the Ides of March.

The "Ides of March," that's it. We had been moved even to tears by the pathetic letter of a correspondent, calling himself a "Lover of Sydenham;" and who, highly commending our scheme for reviving the *Robigalia* next Easter Monday, bitterly complained that the 25th of April was a long way off. How was the wretched man to get through the two months and odd that lie between the present date and the day devoted to the *Robigalia*? He was sure, he said, he would die in March, like Julius Cæsar, and thus he set us a-thinking. Eh, Julius Cæsar—March—Ides of March. Surely something could be done in the Crystal Palace on the Ides of March. We turned to Ovid's *Fæsti*, and there we found a description of the feast held in honour of Anna Perenna:—

"The Ides have come, so give your hearty thanks
To good Perenna; on the Tiber's banks,

The mob assembles; scattered on the grass,
Are lusty lads, each with a buxom lass;
Some love the open air, some pitch marquees,
Others in leafy arbours take their ease;
For pillows reeds they set, and stretch thereon
A good stout toga—so the work is done.
Glowing with sun and wine, they fondly think
They'll live a year for every cup they drink;
Yon toper thus of Nestor's age is sure;
A sibyl's toughness will his wench secure;
They blithely sing what at the play they've heard,
And nicely fit the action to the word;
When with the goblet they have amply revell'd,
They dance an awkward jig with hair dishevelled;
As they come home, they reel and make a noise,
A pleasing spectacle for blackguard boys,
Who call them happy; I myself have seen
A drunken churl led by a tipsey quean."

Now the Ides of March occur on the 15th of that month. Might we suggest a revival at Sydenham of the festival of Anna Perenna? It won't cost a single halfpenny. Let the price of admission be lowered to twopence, so as to secure worshippers of the right sort; let every man bring his own beer, and the visitors themselves will perform the whole of the rites described above, even if they have never heard of the Roman goddess. The return home will be found particularly accurate.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE TRAVELLING OPERA COMPANY.

SIR,—Will you oblige me with a corner in your columns, to correct a statement which I observe in those of a contemporary, to the effect that the recently established "Operetta Company" has been, or is about to be, abandoned, owing to non-success as a speculation.

So far from such being the case, I am happy to learn, from undoubted sources, that the party (*van* and all) is in a state of full vitality, and at the present moment fulfilling engagements in the provinces, besides having important arrangements for the future.

The writer of the paragraph referred to apologises for having "innocently done his part in spreading false news" as to its success. Will you favour me by inserting this, which may tend to remove his uneasiness, as well as to assure those interested in the news of the operatic world, that the "Operetta Company" is now, and I am glad to think, will continue to be, an existing institution.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,
VERAX.

P.S.—I enclose my card.
London, 22 February, 1859.

OLE BULL.

SIR,—If you think the following remarks sufficient reply to "Harmonist," please insert them in a corner of your very interesting paper.

I believe Ole Bull—properly Olaus Bull—went to the United States in 1842. He was so successful, in a few years, as to become quite rich, and, anxious for the welfare of his poor Norwegian friends, he became the purchaser of an immense tract of land, caused a village to be built, and called it the "Norwegian Colony," because it was soon inhabited entirely by his own countrymen, to each of whom he liberally presented a cottage and piece of land, sufficient, if well cultivated, for the maintenance of a family and something more.

I have before me criticisms of concerts that took place in 1851-2, at which Ole Bull performed, and in 1853 he commenced a tour of the cities and towns in America and the Canadas. Here is the programme that was served up nearly every night for a year.

* * *
[We have no room for it.—ED. M. W.]

I had the honour of an introduction to Ole Bull after this concert, and my impression, on leaving him, was, that I had seen and spoken with a noble-minded good man. Nevertheless, I cannot understand the remark of Goethe, when he says: "It is no longer an age to make a fool of the public, or to lead it astray," because Ole Bull and Vieuxtemps played exclusively their own compositions, fantasias, romances, &c., whereas you teach us that the works of Mozart, Beethoven, Spohr,

and Mendelssohn are the only true school. It has been lamented by an American musical journalist that these great men's works were neglected by Bull and Vieuxtemps.

Since 1854, O. B. has tried his hand at operatic management, and failed.

The latest account I have of him is dated September, 1858, and he was then in Germany recruiting his health.

If "Harmonist" is curious about details, I shall be glad to hear from him by letter, and you are quite at liberty to furnish my address.

February 23rd, 1859.

Your obedient servant,

TRIANGLE.

SIR,—I should feel greatly indebted to you if you would reply to the following through the columns of the *Musical World*.

I am a pianist, but my *touch* is very heavy. There being nothing light about it, passages in music requiring lightness and delicateness of touch are played in such a heavy manner, that the effect is entirely lost. Would you kindly inform me the most effectual way by which I may obtain by myself a light touch?

By so doing you will confer a great favour on your most obdt. servt.,

A PIANISTE.

["A Pianiste" is recommended to apply to the Editor of the *Family Herald*.]

THE LATE MR. JOSEPH GWILT.

20, Abingdon-street, S.W., 25 February, 1858.

SIR,—In a "Memoir of the Parish Church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields," which appeared in the last number (Vol. 37, No. 8.) of the *Musical World*, and which a friend brought yesterday to my notice, the author has designated me as the "late Mr. Joseph Gwilt." Perhaps it may afford him some satisfaction, as well as I hope yourself, to know that this late Mr. J. Gwilt—wishing you to correct the mistake in your next number—has the honour to subscribe himself,

Your obedient servant,

JOS. GWILT.

THE WILLERT-BEALE touring party remain in Dublin until the end of the week. On Monday they gave the first of two concerts at Liverpool. They then visit Hull, and, subsequently, Nottingham, besides other towns. The tour ends on Saturday with an evening concert at Cheltenham.

M. OTTO GOLDSCHMIDT announces three Morning Concerts of Classical Instrumental Chamber Music, which will take place at Willis's Rooms, during the months of April and May.

AMONG the artists already engaged by Mr. A. Harris for his first season, which begins, at the Princess's Theatre, in September, are Miss Carlotta Leclercq and Mrs. C. Young.

HER MAJESTY honoured the Royal English Opera with her presence on Friday evening, being the second time in one week.

DR. SPOHR.—We much regret to learn that this great musician has met with a serious accident, and is dangerously ill. Last year Dr. Spohr had a fall on the ice, and was confined to his bed, in consequence, for some weeks. A few days since he had a second fall, much severer than the first. This has again placed him in a sick bed, which, it is feared, he will be unable to quit for a long time. Ultimately, it is to be hoped that the greatest living master may be restored to health and vigour—the anxious wish of all who love music and cherish its noblest and most ardent teachers.

M. WIENIAWSKI announces that, after the 1st of March, he is prepared to accept engagements for solo performances, or for a *superior quartet party*, comprising M. Wieniawski, first violin; Mr. Bernard, second violin; Herr Schreurs, tenor; and M. Vieuxtemps, violoncello. Did the Polish violinist find his companions at St. James's Hall so feeble as to lead him to conclude that London requires strengthening in this department of musical performance?

MUSIC.—Father Anselmo Schubiger, a monk in a convent in Germany, states that he has discovered a key to the different systems of musical notation in use in the Middle Ages. He explains this discovery in a memoir on St. Gall's celebrated *School of Singing*, a work supposed to have been written before the twelfth century.—*Bulletin*.

CONCERTS.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—M. Jullien was undoubtedly the first who directed the attention of the multitude to the classic composers. Previous to his time, symphonies, concertos, and the higher orchestral works, were reserved for the Philharmonic Society, or, at best, for benefits and festivals. Until M. Jullien tried it, such a thing as hearing a symphony at "cheap prices" was unknown. When the directors of musical entertainments did all they could by high charges to prevent the public from hearing good music, they had no right to cry out against the ignorance of the masses, but rather blame themselves that the masses were not better informed. M. Jullien broke down the barriers and let in the "crowd." The "crowd" behaved decorously, but were hardly prepared for the change. "Gents" whose ears had never been attuned to loftier strains than what they had gathered at Casinos, or from barrel-organs, could not at once accommodate their tastes to Beethoven, Mozart, and Mendelssohn. M. Jullien, nevertheless, persisted; and, in the end, he did not convert "Gents," at all events he induced them to listen, and that was a great step towards reform. How M. Jullien created a new world of amateurs need not be told. His claims, as a musical Luther, have long been acknowledged. He appealed, nevertheless, to his audience only through the grandest instrumental works, and his orchestra was the "be-all and end-all" of his entertainments. All compositions, not orchestral, were left to the projectors of chamber concerts. Thus, quartet began to flourish in *coteries*. The public were again shut out. The very name of quartet, or quintet, *à priori*, was supposed to convey to the popular mind something "bitter as coloquintida." What effect could four or five fiddles produce on ears accustomed to the thunder of the orchestra? Could the canzonets of Haydn and Mozart, or Mendelssohn's simple part-songs, appeal to sympathies excited by scenes with band accompaniments and chorus? It remained for the directors of the Monday Popular Concerts to think otherwise. Keeping M. Jullien in view, without exactly following in his footsteps, they were determined to try how far chamber music could be made popular. They argued that, if Jullien could recommend to general appreciation the classical repertory of the orchestra, the stringed quartet might have an equal chance; while compositions for piano, or the multitude of chamber songs seldom heard beyond exclusive circles, might find sympathy in the crowd. The audiences that appreciated symphonies would appreciate quartets, quintets, and sonatas. At any rate it was worth an experiment. Two of the series of Six Classical Chamber Concerts have now been given, and, if the success which has attended these do not forsake the others, the public and the directors will have alike to congratulate themselves on the result.

The second "classical night," on Monday last, was devoted to Mozart. The instrumental part consisted of the stringed quintet in G minor, the quartet in C major, the trio in E flat, for pianoforte, clarinet, and viola, and the sonata in B flat (No. 14), for piano and violin; besides two performances on the organ, by Mr. E. J. Hopkins. The vocal music comprised the tenor song, "The very angels weep, dear," ("Selbst Engel Gottes weinen"); the contralto aria, "Io ti lascio;" a song for soprano, "Since youth and beauty both are thine," ("Wie sanft, wie ruhig fühl' ich hier"); and a bass air from the *Seraglio*, "Questi avventurieri infami;" the duet, "Ah! perdona," from *La Clemenza di Tito*; the quartet-canone from *Così fan Tutte*, "E nel tuo, nel mio bicchiera;" a comic duet from the *Seraglio*, "Su beviamo del bon licore;" and a trio from the *Così fan Tutte*, "Sovate sia il vento."

A more admirable selection it would have been impossible to make. The quintet, one of the composer's most perfect compositions, was written not very long before *Don Giovanni*, when Mozart was in the very zenith of his powers. The quartet is the last in the set of six, dedicated to Haydn. Both were magnificently executed, the former by M. Sainton, Herr Ries, Mr. Doyle, Herr Schreurs and Signor Piatti; the latter by the same, except Mr. Doyle. The deepest attention was paid to every movement, and the applause throughout was frequent and discriminating. We never heard M. Sainton play

more splendidly. It is unnecessary to point to so consummate an interpreter of classical music as Signor Piatti; but it is only justice to acknowledge the eminent services rendered by the three other performers, more especially Mr. Doyle, who has risen to the highest rank as a violinist.

The almost unknown trio was no less a treat. The executants were Messrs. Benedict, Lazarus and Doyle. Mr. Doyle won the admiration of connoisseurs by the perfection of his execution and the purity of his tone. The sonata for pianoforte and violin was, to judge by the result, the most acceptable performance of the evening. The *andantino* was redemanded with enthusiasm, which, seeing that the concert was coming to a close, and that already three long instrumental pieces had been heard, is a fact worth noting. The sonata, indeed, is a model of grace and beauty. The soul of melody and tenderness breathes in the *andantino*; and the other movements are to match.

The singers were Miss Stabbach, Miss Palmer, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, and Mr. Santley. The "sensation" of the evening was created by Miss Palmer, in "Io ti lascio"—a performance with which the audience were so moved that they encored it with rapture. Miss Palmer richly merited the compliment. The tenor song, "The very angels weep, dear," given with much expression by Mr. Wilbye Cooper, is passionate and beautiful. It is taken from a collection of chamber-songs little known in this country, and cannot fail to become a special favourite in the concert-room. We hope the directors will introduce others from the same set. With respect to "Ah! perdona," sung by Miss Stabbach and Mr. Wilbye Cooper; the quartet from *Costi fan Tutte*, as flowing and ingenious as it is brief; the sparkling duet from the *Seraglio*, where the Italian intrigant endeavours to persuade the Turkish gardener to forswear the Koran, and imbibe forbidden liquor, by Mr. Wilbye Cooper and Mr. Santley; and the charming trio from *Costi fan Tutte*; we need only say, the singers acquitted themselves admirably. Mr. Edward Hopkins's performances on the organ comprised the *adagio* from a *Fantasia* in F minor, composed for a mechanical organ, and the motet, "Deus Tibi."

The performance on Monday will include selections from the works of Haydn and Weber.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Handel's oratorio, *Solomon*, was performed last night with the following solo singers—Messdames Catharine Hayes and Dolby, Messrs. Montem Smith, Thomas, and Weiss. Mr. Costa conducted.

VOCAL ASSOCIATION.—The second "Undress Concert" took place on Tuesday evening. The muster of subscribers and friends of the members was hardly so large as at the first meeting. The most commendable performances of the choir were Luca Marenzio's madrigal, "Lady, see on every side;" Herr Otto Goldschmidt's new part-song, "Come when the dawn of the morning"—so favourably received at the first "Dress Concert" of the Vocal Association—and "Sanctus," by Bertrousky. On the other hand, the Tyrolean National Air was by no means up to the mark, and should have been rehearsed more carefully. The other noticeable points were Mendelssohn's *Andante* and *Rondo Capriccioso*, performed by Miss Binckes; a new and graceful ballad, "The Frank Lover," sung by Mr. Ramsden; and a Spanish national air, "Juanita," given by Mdlle. Emily Linas with so much emphasis and expression as to provoke the only encore of the evening.

On Wednesday next, at the second "Dress Concert," Professor Bennett's *May Queen* will be repeated, as we have already announced, and the "Ave Maria" from Mendelssohn's *Lorely*, performed for the first time in England.

HERR WILHELM GANZ'S Concert, on the 19th instant, was given at the St. James's Hall, under the patronage of the Duchess and Princess Mary of Cambridge, and attracted a very large audience. The vocalists were Misses Louisa Vinning, Stabbach, Kemble, Pinto, Mdlle. Finoli, Messrs. G. Perren, Santley, and Signor Lorenzo; the instrumentalists, Herr Wilhelm Ganz (piano), M. Remenyi (violin), Herr Goffrie (tenor), Signor Piatti (violoncello), Mr. Benedict officiating as conductor. The *bénéficiaire* contributed four new compositions of his own, three being songs—"The murmuring sea," allotted to Miss Stabbach, "When thou wilt be

my bride," sung by Mr. Perren (encored), and "Sing, birdie, sing," written expressly for Miss Vinning, as the two former had been specially intended for Miss Stabbach and Mr. Sims Reeves. The remaining piece was a pianoforte *fantasia* in *La Traviata*, played in brilliant style by the composer, who was honoured by a recall. Encores were also awarded to Miss Vinning in the "Ernani involami," for which she substituted "Where the bee sucks," to Miss Pinto (a *débutante* suffering from extreme nervousness) in the hackneyed quasi-Scotch ballad, "Over the sea," to Mademoiselle Finoli and Signor Lorenzo in the duet from *Il Barbieri*, "Dunque io son," and also to the latter gentleman for a dashing and spirited reading of Balfe's "Il baccio," better known by its English name of "The first kiss." The quartet in B flat, of Weber (Op. 5), was also very effectively given by Messrs. Ganz (piano), Remenyi (violin), Goffrie (tenor), and Piatti (violoncello); besides the *andante con variazioni* from Beethoven's "Kreutzer" Sonata, Op. 47, by the first two gentlemen. The Romance in E major, and *Berceuse* of Chopin, transcribed for the violin, and played by M. Remenyi, elicited much applause, which was also the case with Herr Ganz's second solo display, including Littolf's *Spinnlied* and a *Marche Hongroise*. Altogether, the concert appeared to afford much satisfaction to Herr Ganz's numerous patrons.

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR.—At the fourth concert, which took place on Thursday, the 17th inst., the second part was devoted to the following selection from the works of Sir Henry Bishop:—

Quartet and chorus, "Hart and hind;" glee, "The fisherman's good-night;" trio and chorus, "Mynheer van Dunck;" glee (by the Choir), "Where art thou, beam of light?" sextet and chorus, "Oh! bold Robin Hood;" trio and chorus, "The chough and crow;" "Tramp Chorus."

The success of the "Bishop selection" was so great as to warrant its repetition at the fifth concert on Thursday, when a crowded audience again assembled. The works of Bishop have been too much neglected by our vocal societies, and Mr. Henry Leslie should take a hint from recent experience.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—M. Remusat took his benefit on Friday, the 18th, when Adolphe Adams' comic opera, *Le Torreador*, was produced, for the first time, in this country. The opera achieved but little success, although Mad. Fauré played the principal character, and introduced "Ah vous dirai-je, maman." The theatre has been closed since; but it is advertised to re-open shortly—let us hope with a more efficient company. If we are to credit rumour, among other artists of pretensions, M. Roger will make his first appearance in this country on the French stage.

PROVINCIAL.

FROM *Berrow's Worcester Journal* we learn that, at the concert of the Cathedral Choir, given by the lay clerks, in the Music Hall, on Tuesday, the 13th inst., Professor Sterndale Bennett's *May Queen* was presented for the first time to a Worcester audience. There was a large gathering of the nobility, gentry, and clergy in the reserved seats, while the general public crowded that part of the room allotted to them. The characters were thus assigned: May Queen, Mrs. Clare Hepworth; the Lover, Mr. R. Mason; Queen, Master H. Caldicott; Captain of the Foresters, as Robin Hood, Mr. Briggs. With the exception of Mrs. Clare Hepworth, the artists belonged to the choir. Mr. Dove conducted. The *cantata* was received with great applause. The second part of the concert was devoted to a miscellaneous selection, in which Mr. D. Thackeray sang the ballad, "Phoebe, dearest, tell, oh! tell me." Mrs. Clare Hepworth introduced the popular song, "The Power of Love," from *Satanella*; and the choir sang Henry Smart's "Ave Maria" so well as to elicit an encore.

THE KIDDERMINSTER CHORAL SOCIETY gave a concert lately at the Music Hall, under the patronage of the mayor and corporation. The programme consisted of the first part of Mendelssohn's oratorio *St. Paul*, and a miscellaneous selection, the principal performers being Miss Neale, Messrs. Hodgkins, Kent, and M. Daumas. The Choral Society did no credit to itself by curtailing *St. Paul*. Better refrain from such works than give them incomplete. The director may be a good carpet knight, but hardly a true musician.

A CORRESPONDENT from Belfast writes that the Anacreontic Society gave a grand concert in the Music Hall, on Tuesday evening, the 22nd. The artists were the Willert-Beale touring party, whose names are now pretty well known in the principal cities of the three kingdoms. A numerous and brilliant auditory filled the hall, and every seat was occupied. The announcement of the concert, indeed, had created an immense sensation. The people of Belfast are very partial to vocal music, and Madame Viardot Garcia is an especial favourite; nevertheless, the chief honours of the evening fell to the pianist, whose performance our correspondent leaves the *Northern Whig* to describe. "At the commencement," writes our hyperborean contemporary, "we began to fear the programme was going to perform the part usually assigned to clergymen's texts—that of a starting-post from which to run away; and, having had a disappointment from Miss Eyles, and a substitution from Mad. Garcia, we awaited, tremblingly, the first notes of Miss Arabella Goddard's first piece, fearful of being despoiled of the promised 'Sonata Patetica'—a sonata not to be replaced or atoned for. The performer was, however, faithful to her programme, and so magnificent was the execution of the piece, so perfectly and entirely admirable in every respect, that we must break through the usual rule of precedence allowed to vocalists, and speak of Miss Goddard's playing as the first and best portion of the evening's music. This lady's success as a pianist has long been a *fait accompli*, and compliments have been showered upon her in sufficient quantities to warrant us in saying nothing more than that she played as she usually plays. But everyone likes to give their meed of praise where no praise can be exaggeration, and we should be sorry to listen to such masterly achievements on the piano as the audience heard, last night, without expressing our admiration for the wonderful skill, talent, and perseverance that have combined to produce them. The brilliant execution that disdains and revels in difficulties, the liquid purity and inexpressible delicacy of touch, the triumphant power and command of tone, and, above all, the perfect feeling that makes the instrument speak in tones of living anguish, combine to make Miss Goddard's playing something to marvel at and remember. Beethoven's sonata was her grandest performance, but the variations on the 'Last Rose of Summer,' which she gave as an *encore*, and in which the left hand more than rivals its fellow in daring execution, was in its way as great a triumph. Miss Goddard is at once an encouragement and a despair for all English players, and would that, in trying to imitate her style, they would imitate also her graceful and unaffected manner of playing, believing, what is the fact, that no amount of fantastic wavings of the head will make up for the want of agility in the fingers."

Madame Viardot Garcia did not sing the scena for which she was set down, but gave in its place the pathetic air of Fides, "Ah! mon fils!" from the *Prophète*, which she rendered with touching expression. She also sang, with Signor Dragone, the duet "Dunque io son," from the *Barbiere*, and a Spanish song, in both of which she was eminently successful, more especially the last-named, which created great enthusiasm. Signor Regondi, as usual, was brilliantly successful. Mr. J. L. Hatton contributed in no small degree to the gratification of the audience, who laughed heartily and applauded lustily some quaint vocal contributions, accompanied by himself on the pianoforte. Miss Eyles, it should be added, was encored in one of her ballads, which she sang with great sweetness.

THE *Fifeshire Journal* informs us that a concert, announced by Mr. Charles Hargitt of Edinburgh, took place at St. Andrews, in the Madras Hall, on Friday the 18th, for which M. Sainton and Signor Piatti were engaged. Mr. Hargitt, as at his previous concert at Edinburgh, was prevented from attending by indisposition. The entire interest of the concert centred in the performances of M. Sainton and Signor Piatti. The former played Mendelssohn's concerto for the violin, and also a duet with Signor Piatti. The vocal music was entrusted to Miss E. Cole, Messrs. Smith and Salter.

From the *Daily Chronicle* and *Northern Advertiser* we learn that the second concert by the Willert-Beale troupe, at the Town Hall, Newcastle-on-Tyne, on Thursday, the 17th instant, was no less successful than the first. We cannot quote at large from our contemporary, whose style is at once poetical and discursive. Speaking of Miss Arabella Goddard's performances, the critic thus winds up his notice:—"With a person endowed with more than ordinary charms, with a *hand of delicate and beautiful proportions*, there can be no wonder that, at the conclusion of each fantasia, she was recalled by *enthusiastic applause*."

THE *Dublin Freeman's Journal* contains a lengthy article on the third concert of the Philharmonic Society, which took place on the 21st, in the Hall of the Ancient Concerts. The feature of the programme was Mendelssohn's Concerto in G minor, for pianoforte and

orchestra, with Arabella Goddard at the piano. "Nothing could be well more brilliant or more tasteful," writes our contemporary, "than the execution of this fine composition, which, at its conclusion, was followed by immense applause." The writer is equally impressed with the lighter essays of Miss Goddard, whose "style of execution (in Thalberg's *Mosé in Egitto* fantasia, and Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith," substituted for the *encore*), and sparkling brilliancy of fingering," he never heard equalled. Madame Viardot is complimented on her "vivid dramatic action and the rich tones of her voice." Miss Eyles, too, with the "Beating of her own heart"—Macfarren's new song—achieved a decided success. One of the most delightful performances of the evening appears to have been Schubert's "Erl-König," sung by Madame Viardot (in German), and accompanied on the pianoforte by Miss Arabella Goddard, which met with an enthusiastic *encore*. Signor Regondi played two solos on the concertina with "magical effect," and Mr. J. L. Hatton sang two of his well-known songs, and "brought down, as usual, *torrents of laughter and applause*." The band played two symphonies by Mozart, and the overture to *Oberon*, under the direction of Mr. Bussell.

At LANCASTER, the Willert-Beale party had a brilliant concert on Friday week. The accounts of the local press show that the programme was, in most instances, the same as at other towns. Miss Arabella Goddard was (as usual) encored in both her solos—Mozart's Variations in A, and "The Last Rose of Summer." Madame Viardot sang "Non più mesta," and her Spanish airs, with the accustomed success; Mr. Hatton was encored in the "Groves of Blarney;" Miss Eyles, ditto, in "The beating of my own heart." Signor Regondi delighted everyone with his concertino solos; and Signors Luchesi and Dragone—*arcades ambo*—performed much the same achievements as at other places.

At the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, on the following evening, the same party appeared to a very crowded audience. With regard to novelty there is nothing to mention except Thalberg and De Beriot's duet on the *Huguenots*, performed with signal success, on the piano and concertina, by Miss Arabella Goddard and Sig. Regondi. The performances, both vocal and instrumental, were received with immense favour from beginning to end.

THE MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

THE second concert of this new institution was given, before a densely crowded audience, at St. James's Hall, on Wednesday evening, when the following was the programme:—

PART I.

Highland Overture—(first time of performance in this country)	Niels Gade.
Recit. and Air—"Ye twice ten hundred deities," Mr. Santley (The Indian Queen)	H. Purcell, A.D. 1658-1695.
Scena (MS.)—"Medora," Miss Dolby	Henry Smart.
Duet (MS.)—Pianoforte and Orchestra; Pianoforte, M. Silas	E. Silas.

PART II.

Symphony, "Die Weihe der Töne,"	L. Spohr.
Aria, "Ah! Rendimi quel core," Miss Dolby (Mitrane)	F. Rossi, A.D. 1686.
Scena, "The morning breaks," Mr. Santley	John Barnett.
Overture—(Die Zauberflöte)	Mozart.

The very high character gained by the inaugural concert of the Society, was fully maintained by the interest of this selection and the excellence of its performance, and Mr. Alfred Mellon, director of the orchestra, more than confirmed the impression made on that occasion, the impression that in the concert-room, as in the theatre, he has consummate control of a band which, combined with the most genial perception of the specialties of instrumental music, places him in the foremost rank of living conductors. The very remarkable performance of Beethoven's C minor Symphony, at the former concert, proved this gentleman's fitness for his office to be of very uncommon capacity; but, great as is the honour of having produced the best execution of that colossal masterpiece which has yet been heard in England, the merit is more, since the difficulty is infinitely higher, of having directed such a performance of the Symphony of Dr. Spohr as that witnessed on Wednesday last, when the complications of this singular work, which have baffled every previous attempt to render them intelligible, save only

that of the composer himself, some fourteen years since at a concert of the Philharmonic Society—when these intricate complications appeared entirely to fall away, so naturally, perspicuously, and effectively was the entire symphony rendered. The performance of the two new instrumental works was finished to a most admirable nicety, and, what is much more remarkable, the accompaniment of the vocal music—a quicksand to all concert conductors—was as perfect as could have been attained in a theatre where unlimited rehearsals and countless nightly repetitions give the director advantages totally incompatible with the extremely restricted opportunity of preparing a concert performance. Comparative criticism is the feeblest judgment, since to pronounce that such a thing is better or worse than such or such another, is but to admit an inability to perceive the amount of its positive merits. We will not, then, declare Mr. Mellon to possess a more complete command of the orchestra than one conductor, or to enter more truthfully into the spirit of the music he directs than a second; but we confidently aver that his qualifications for fulfilling the important responsibility imposed upon him at these two concerts—the responsibility of producing new works, and perfecting the performance of standard compositions—his qualifications for the discharge of this delicate and arduous duty are proved to be of the very highest order.

M. Gade, the Danish composer, has an extensive reputation, and the esteem in which he is held throughout the north of Europe, and particularly in Leipzig, has excited an interest as to his merit in this country, which there have been but very few opportunities to gratify. The announcement was, therefore, welcomed of a highly esteemed overture of this musician for Wednesday's concert; but the work itself justified no expectation that may have been formed in its favour. Perspicuity of plan, and clearness of instrumentation, are its only recommendations, for it is equally wanting in character of its own, and individuality to its author. Its title, "Im Hochland," would lead one to suppose that it was purporting to illustrate the natural or the legendary romance of the picturesque scenery, or the wild traditions of the Highlands; if we do justice to M. Gade's purport in this supposition, we must frankly own that his illustration throws no light, real or ideal, upon its subject.

English musicians may glory in their fraternity with Henry Purcell, who, nearly two centuries ago—when the modern living art of music, as contrasted with the coldly, calculated abstractions of the contrapuntal school, was in its earliest infancy—anticipated not only the utmost melodic and harmonic resources of the present time, but the best elements of poetical expression and dramatic effect. The scene from the *Indian Queen* has not been heard in public for several years; it is a noble specimen of the rare genius of its composer, and its beauties are marked by that stamp of perpetual freshness which annuls time as well as space, and proves high art to be not only universal, but eternal. The effect of this composition was greatly enhanced by the instrumentation of the late W. H. Kearnes, written for a pasticcio from Purcell's dramatic works, produced, under the title of *Arthur and Emmeline*, at the Old English Opera House, the season before the fire, about thirty years ago. Mr. Santley's fine declamation of the words, his pure vocalisation, and his general conception of the character of the music, won him the warmest admiration.

Mr. Henry Smart's scena was at once a noble parallel, and an excellent contrast to the preceding piece, proving, as it did, that the high character of musicianship in England in the seventeenth century is regenerate in the nineteenth, and showing the advanced development of the lyric art in this later age. The scene represents the heroine of Byron's *Corsair* watching on the seashore, with anxious expectancy, for the return of Conrad; her hopes and fears for his safety rise and fall with the varying accidents which she regards as omens, until tidings are brought her of her lover's death, when, sinking under this too great burden of grief, she becomes the lifeless form which is all of her that awaits his enraptured embrace when, at length, he returns. It is impossible to praise more the completely dramatic colouring of the entire piece, than the excellent declamation of the most

impassioned passages, the melodious beauty of others, all the admirable appropriation for the voice, and the skilful arrangement for the orchestra of the whole. *Medora* is a composition in the class of Haydn's *Ariana*, Mozart's "Non temer," and Beethoven's "Ah perfido;" and it is not only in the same class, but of very analogous merit with these illustrious examples. The singing of Miss Dolby was of kindred excellence with the song: we can find no higher terms of praise.

The piece of M. Silas and its execution proved this gentleman not less entitled to praise as a pianist than as a composer.

Die Weihe der Töne was the first, as it is eminently the best, of those characteristic orchestral compositions in which its honoured author has marked out a new aim for instrumental music, the successful attainment of which in the present work fully justified Spohr's repetition of the experiment in *Earthliness and Godliness*, in the *Historical Symphony*, and the *Seasons*, whereas the comparative want of interest in these, coming as they have done from the same master hand, proves that the example is, at least, dangerous to imitate. The present work was, we believe, written in 1834, and it was first given in England in the year following at the concerts of the Philharmonic Society, to which performances its complete—would we could say its perfect—presentation has, if we mistake not, been until now exclusively confined. The misversion of its title, *The Power of Sound*, given to it on the occasion of its first production here, has clung to it ever since; and, since the work has become generally known in this country by its inauthentic name, it will probably so continue to be called, and so continue to be known for all time to come. The idea the Symphony is designed to embody, is the consecration of sounds to their several purposes throughout the works of nature and of art, in the voices of the birds, the brooks, and the howling tempest, and in the songs of man, by the cradle, at the dance, at his mistress's window, on his march to battle and return in triumph, at his prayer of thanksgiving, in the funeral hour, and in the moment of dejection, when music is his kindest and surest solace. This grand and eminently poetical conception is fully realised in the great work, which found a conductor on Monday fully competent to grasp its technical difficulties and its spiritual purport. To revert from the composition, to describe the merits of which would far exceed the present limits, once more to the performance before the Musical Society, we may speak of the rendering of the second movement in particular where three distinct measures are at first alternated and afterwards blended, as something not only unique, but absolutely marvellous; and here, too, we may justly commend Mr. Hancock's excellent and expressive performance of the violoncello solo (which depicts, in the serenade, the anxious sighing of a lover), the peculiar bowing of which, while it induces unusual difficulty, gives to it an entirely individual quaintness of character. The scena from Mr. John Barnett's *Fair Rosamond* was a most interesting revival. Two-and-twenty years have elapsed since the production, at Drury Lane Theatre, of the extremely clever opera from which this song was selected, and nearly as long a time since the song itself has been heard in public, but its merits by no means warrant the forgetfulness in which it has lain. One movement may be singled out from the rest for exceptional admiration—an *andante*, wherein the fickle-hearted Henry muses on a dream of the trusting girl he has betrayed, the exquisite beauty and deep passion of which are alone sufficient to signalise the natural endowment and artistic acquirement of the composer. Mr. Santley's rendering of this beautiful passage, and, indeed, of the entire composition, will add to his rising reputation.

The fine air of Rossi suffered somewhat from its transposition to a semitone below the original key, and somewhat more from the mistaken tempo of the allegro which is alternated with the expressive *cantabile* of the opening, and which demands a far broader and statelier rendering than the hurried performance of Wednesday evening; while the song gained nothing in effect, but lost much in character, from the addition of wind instruments, the authorship of which was concealed in the programme. Whether the blame of this single miscarriage attach to the council, to the conductor, or to the *cantatrice*, or whether these

functionaries may divide it among them, we cannot in justice withhold it.

The greatest overture of the most gifted of all musicians was performed in a style of grandeur which brought out all its excellence, and was heard with attentive interest by the unretiring multitude.

The arrangement of the programme forces upon us a comparison of the various merits of the contemporary composers whose works it included, save only the veteran Spohr, who, still living and working among us, stands on the pinnacle of his own glory contemplating his already determined immortality, and must be regarded in respect of existing musicians incomparable. Having given an opinion upon each separate piece, we may be permitted to declare the verdict of the comparison thus provoked, which is that the claims to applause of the two English authors are immeasurably higher than those of the two foreigners, a fact which might not have been admitted but for their juxtaposition.

In candidly reviewing this important concert, we must acknowledge some indiscretion on the part of those who arranged it, in placing together so many unfamiliar works, the last two pieces being the only ones generally known, the effect of which was that each, in some degree, lessened the interest and injured the effect of the others. It was an error, also, to choose so many vocal pieces of the same extensive form and dramatic character, more especially as the nature of the instrumental music required the relief of something in a lighter style. Upon the whole, however, the concert demands the highest eulogy, as one eminently calculated to further the aspiring objects of the Society.

TESTIMONIAL TO MR. G. W. MARTIN.—A meeting of the members of the National School Choral Society was held at the Albion Hotel, Aldersgate-street, on Saturday afternoon, for the purpose of presenting to Mr. G. W. Martin a *baton*, in recognition of his services as conductor of the National Schools' Choral Festival at the Crystal Palace in May last. The Rev. T. Garnier, incumbent of Trinity Church, Marylebone, occupied the chair, and dwelt upon the important services Mr. Martin had rendered in promoting musical education among the masses of the population. Mr. G. J. Entwistle, hon. sec. of the fund, read an address prepared for the occasion, and the *baton* and address were in due form presented to Mr. Martin, who was enthusiastically received. He thanked the meeting for the honour they had done him, and hoped that last year would be the precursor of many other and still more successful festivals. Thanks were then voted to Mr. Hammond, the treasurer; to the sub-committee; to Mr. Entwistle, hon. secretary; and the proceedings terminated with a vote of thanks to the chairman.

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"All in the Downs the fleet was moored,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-eyed Susan came on board
O where shall I my true love find?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet William sails among your crew?
William, who high upon the yard,
Rocked with the billows to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sighed and cast his eyes below.
The cords slide swiftly through his glowing hands,
And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.
So swift the lark, high poise'd in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
If chance his mate's shrill call he hear,
He drops at once into his nest.
The noblest captain of the British fleet
Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.
O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
My vows shall ever true remain;
Let me kiss off that falling tear,
We only part to meet again.
Change as ye list, ye winds, my mind shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.
Believe not what the landmen say,
Who tempt with doubt thy constant mind:
They tell thee sailors, when away,
In every port a mistress find.
Yes, yes, believe them, when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.
If to fair India's coast I sail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright;
Thy breath is Africa's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory so white.
Thus every beautiful object that I view
Wakes in my soul some charm of pretty Sue.
Though battle force me from thy arms,
Let not my charming Susan mourn;
Though cannons roar, yet free from harm,
William shall to his dear return.
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should fall from Susan's eye.
The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosoms spread,
No longer must she stay on board.
They kissed, she sigh'd, he hung his head.
Her less'ning boat unwilling rows to land,
Adieu, she cries, and waves her lily hand."

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But he of Robin Hood hath heard, and Little John;
And to the end of Time the tales shall ne'er be done
Of Scarlet, George-a-Green, and Much, the Miller's son;
Of Tuck, the Merry Friar, who many a ballad made
In praise of Robin Hood, his outlaws, and their trade."

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"Upon a time it chanced so,
Bold Robin in the Forest did spy
A jolly Butcher, with a bonny fine mare,
With his flesh to the market did hie."

"Good morrow, good fellow," said jolly Robin,
"What food hast thou, tell unto me?
Thy trade to me tell, and where dost thou dwell,
For I like well thy company."

The Butcher he answered jolly Robin,
"No matter where I dwell,
For a Butcher I am, and to Nottingham Town
I'm going my flesh for to sell."

"What's the price of thy flesh?" said jolly Robin,
"Come, tell it soon unto me,
And the price of thy mare, be she ever so dear,
For a butcher I fain would be."

"Four marks I will give thee," said jolly Robin;
"Four marks it shall be thy fee,
The money come count, and let me mount,
For a butcher I fain would be."

Robin Hood's adventure with the Butcher, and what came of it.

MARKET PLACE OF NOTTINGHAM DURING THE GREAT FAIR.

A.D. 1188.

Illustrative of the Sports and Pastimes of Merrie England in the Olden Time.

Now, Robin, he is to Nottingham gone,
His Butcher's trade to begin;
With a good intent to the Sheriff he went,
There he took up his Inn.

When other butchers no meat could sell,
Robin, he got both gold and fee,
For he sold more meat for one penny
Than others could do for three.

"Hast thou any horned beasts," the Sheriff, he said,
"Good fellow, to sell unto me?"
"Yes, that I have, good Master Sheriff,
I have hundreds two or three."

"A hundred acres of good free land,
If you please it for to see,
And I'll make you as good assurance of it
As ever my father did to me."

THE CASTLE WALLS AND POSTERN GATE BY SUNSET.

"Away, then, the Sheriff and Robin did go
To the forest of merry Sherwood,
And the Sheriff did say, 'Heaven bless us this day
From the man they do call Robin Hood.'"

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"Speak civil, good fellow," quoth jolly Robin,
"And give better terms unto me,
Else thee I'll correct for thy neglect,
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